THE COBLER OF PRESTON

Ne Sutor ultra
Crepidam

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THE COBLER OF PRESTON.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *JOHNSON.*

LONDON:

Printed by W. WILKINS, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by W. HINCHCLIFFE, at *Dryden's Head* under the *Royal-Exchange.* 1716.

(*Price One Shilling.*)

THE

CUCKOLD'S

OF

PROLOGUE.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BY

WITTEN BY MR. JOHNSON

PROLOGUE,

Perform'd by Mr. WILKS.

NAmes that could never riſe to Epic *Verſe,*
May furniſh out a Ballad, *or a* Farce.
Our Author has a Comick Rebel ſtole
To make you Mirth; a drinking, noiſy Fool:
His Heimskirk Muſe *in Life's low Buſineſs plays,*
And hopes in Laughter to receive your Praiſe.
If he wants Plot, conſider, Sirs, he draws
Theſe Scenes, from the worſt Plot *that ever was;*
He paints not in big Verſe thoſe Hills of Snow,
Where Traitors breathe, and North-Winds ever blow,
We might be brought to pity Carles *that live,*
Where neither Tree, nor Beaſt, nor Man can thrive;
If pinch'd with Froſt, and Famine, they aſpire,
To taſte a Lowland *Meal, or ſmell a Seacoal Fire:*
But 'tis amazing, that an Engliſh Cudden
Should quarrel with his honeſt Beef and Pudden;
And yet 'tis ſo;----- And we contend with Knaves,
That only wiſh to Conquer,----to be Slaves.

To

THE

CONQUEROUR

OF

PRINCE CONTI.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN DRURY-LANE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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To

PROLOGUE.

To Night a plotting Cobler *will appear,*
He plots indeed, but ſtill he plots in Beer;
The Man's a quiet Proteſtant when ſober;
'Tis a moſt Popiſh Liquor that *October*;
Who knows how high his Courage had aſpir'd,
If with French *Claret, and* French *Piſtols fired:*
---But---may this Plot, and every Plot hereafter,
Produce but little Bloodſhed, and much Laughter.

[He goes off, and returns with a Paper in his Hand.]

An Expreſs juſt arriv'd from North-Britain, a propos.
Reads.] *From* Perth, *we hear, the Warriours all*
[*are Rubbing*;
They wiſely *ſtay not for a ſecond Drubbing*;
That the Pale Hero *with his* Lady-Crown
Took Courage, *and forſook his Bed of Down:*
[To the Galleries.]
---Fair Ones, the Stripling has no Favour done you,
Poor joyleſs Youth, he turn'd his Back upon you,
And the keen Night-Air from the Mountains ſcorning,
North-Eaſtward gallop'd bold---at One *i'th' Morning.*

Perſons.

SCENE, Sir Charles's House, and the Road before it, with the Cobler's Hovel, and the Constable's House.

Time of Action, from Nine in the Morning till Ten at Night.

Perſons of the DRAMA.

Sir *Charles Briton*, a Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Rian.*
Capt. *Jolly*, his Friend,	Mr. *Walker.*
Servants to Sir *Charles Briton*, dreſs'd in *Spaniſh* Habits, by the Names of *Lorenzo.* *Bartolino.* *Diego.* *Pedro.*	
Huntſman	
Conſtable,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Butler to Sir *Charles*,	Mr. *Birkhead.*
Kit Sly, a drunken Cobler.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Betty, Chamber-Maid to Sir *Charles*, dreſs'd for a *Spaniſh* Princeſs,	Mrs. *Willis* the Younger.
Cicely Gundy, a Country-Ale Wife,	Mrs. *Baker.*
Joan, *Kit Sly*'s Wife.	Mrs. *Willis.*

SCENE, Sir *Charles*'s Houſe, and the Road before it, with the Cobler's Hovel, and the Conſtable's Houſe.

Time of Action, from Nine in the Morning till Ten at Night.

THE

THE COBLER of *Preſton.*

ACT the Firſt.

SCENE *The Road.*

(Eight in the Morning.)

The Cobler, Cicely Gundy, *and* Alice.

HUZZA, Huzza, a *Mackentoſh*, a *Mackentoſh*; there is ſomething now ſo couragious, as it were, in the very Sound of his Name —— You are ſure he wears Wiſkers, as ſoon as you hear him mention'd —— I muſt be a Rebel, and I will be a Rebel—I never ſaw a finer Army of Sportſmen in my Life—Hawks, Halloo my brave Boys —— O'd, here is my Guard, and thus will I ſtand, do you ſee,

firm to the Cauſe, to the laſt Drop of Eale in Squire *Carbuncle*'s Cellar.

Cic. Out you Knave! a pair of Stocks, Sirrah! a Whipping-Poſt, you Rogue! a Whipping-Poſt!

Cob. You are a Baggage: Look'ee, ſay what you will of me, but don't diſparage my Family.—— The *Sly's* came in with *Richard the Conqueror*; and ſo let the World ſlide, *Seſſa.* (*Fencing with his Stick.*

Cic. Sirrah, Sirrah! will you pay for the Mugs you have broke?

Cob. No, not a ſingle Farthing. I will live upon Free-Quarter, *Cicely*, I am free of all the Eale and Beef in *England*, you Houſewife —I will have no Reckonings paid at all— 'Tis downright Abomination, Hereſy— Your ſober Small-Beer Whey-beards, ſhall pay all the Scot.—— And I will Tax them at my Will and Pleaſure, Huzza—— He that cannot Leap a Five Bar Gate, knows nothing of Generalſhip——

Alice. Varſal, Father! what a Pickle is he in!

Cic. Well, *Kit*, I know my Remedy, *Kit*; I'll e'en fetch the Conſtable——

Cob. Give me ſome more Drink, you old dry Puttock— Why, let the Conſtable come ——I'll anſwer him by Law, I'll not Budge an Inch; let him come—— What, are you for that Sport? Have at you—(*Tumbles down*) Well! you have conquer'd me—— I ſurrender——Here, *Cicely*, *Alice*! a double Jugg; ſcore it. (*falls aſleep.*

Enter

Enter Sir Charles Briton, *Squire* Jolly, *Huntſmen, Servants, &c. as from Hunting.*

Sir *Char.* I was never more diſappointed in my Life; the Morning promiſed us good Sport.

Jolly. How thick the Miſts fell, and puzzled the Scent!

Sir *Char.* And yet, for all that, *Bellman* made it good at yon Hedge Corner in the coldeſt Fault.

Jolly. I think *Ringwood* is as good a Dog as he, Sir *Charles*; for twice to Day, I obſerv'd him to pick out the fainteſt Scent —— What's here! one Dead or Drunk! Look —— Does the Fellow breathe? ——

Huntſ. Yes, Sir, he breaths — If he were not well warm'd within, this would be but a cold Bed this hazy Weather ——Hah! why, Sir, this is our drunken Neighbour *Kit* —

Sir *Cha.* This Raſcal is the greateſt Politician, and the great Sot in our Pariſh, Mr. *Jolly* — His Head is perpetually confounded with the Fumes of Ale and Faction ——

Jolly. His Habit ſhews him a Cobler.

Sir *Cha.* Even ſo; but he has laid aſide cobling of Shoes, to mend our Conſtitution ——

Jolly. Our Conſtitution has been too much handled by ſuch Fellows as theſe, who have of late Years been the Journeymen to a Sett of merry Stateſmen, that turned all Government into a Jeſt ——

Sir *Char.* This Fellow has fancy'd himſelf of ſome Conſequence a great while, and has been extreamly troubleſome and factious; there has been hardly any Iniquity committed in this Country, but this drunken Knave has had a Finger in it—— What if we ſhould take this Opportunity to puniſh him a little, and practiſe upon him for our Diverſion?

Jolly. As how?

Sir *Char.* Suppoſe we ſhould convey him thus drunk and ſenſleſs, as he is, to my Houſe, and lodge him in the beſt Apartment; ſtrip him of his Rags, change his Linnen, put him into a Down-Bed, and order him to be attended in every Reſpect as a Man of Quality: Will it not ſtrangely amaze him when he awakes, to find his Condition ſo wonderfully alter'd?

Jolly. It muſt ſurprize him, and make his Behaviour entertaining.

Sir *Char.* We'll put the Project in execution this inſtant. *John* and *William*, do you take up that Corpſe and beat it into the beſt Chamber—and do as I have ſaid——I'll follow, and give you farther Directions. (*Ex.*

SCENE *The Hall in Sir* Charles's *Houſe.*

Peter *and* Richard, *two Servants.*

Peter. To be ſure the Butler is dead drunk, and faſt aſleep in the Pantry; how ſhall we

get

get Things in Order againſt my Maſter comes home? For it has ſtruck Ten.

(Richard *to* John *and* Will. *entring with the Cobler.*) Hey Day! — What have we here, *John?*

John. A ſleeping Tun of ſtrong Beer, *Peter*, that's all ——

Peter. Whether do you carry him?

John. Open the great Chamber, let the beſt Bed be ſheeted; for here is your Lord and Maſter, Man, for this Day.

Peter. My Lord and Maſter! what is the Fellow wild, tro'?

Enter Sir Charles *and Mr.* Jolly.

Sir *Char.* Aye, it ſhall be ſo; who waits there? Bid the Butler bring a Bottle of Wine.

Peter. Sir, he is a little indiſpos'd.

Sir *Char.* Eternal Sot —— Always drunk — Is it not ſo?

Peter. A little diſguis'd, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* Where is he?

Peter. Aſleep in the Pantry.

Sir *Cha.* Aſleep, ſay you? Let me ſee; I have a Thought, Mr. *Jolly*, now ſtrikes me: What if we ſhould dreſs this drunken Butler in the Cobler's Cloathes, and lay him in the very Place where we found the Cobler?

Jolly. It may improve our Mirth, and thicken our Plot with variety of Circumſtances.

Enter William *and* John.

Sir *Cha.* Have you beſtowed the Cobler, as I directed?

Will.

Will. He is faſt aſleep in the beſt Bed.

Sir *Cha.* Harky', ſtrip the Butler this Moment of his Livery, and dreſs him in the Cobler's Habit: When you have done this, carry him and lay him down gently in the very Place where we found *Kit Sly*——And, do you hear, bid all your Fellow Servants come hither inſtantly. (*Exeunt* John *and* Will.)

Jolly. What a flattering Dream will this poor Fellow think has laid hold of him, when he wakes!

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Sir *Cha.* Where are thoſe *Spaniſh* masking Suits I beſpoke for laſt *Chriſtmas?*

Serv. In the Wardrobe, Sir.

Sir *Cha.* Each of you inſtantly put on one of thoſe *Spaniſh* Habits—and ſo diſguiſe your Features, that you may not be readily diſcover'd.

Serv. Hey day! what Gambols are we to play now? (*Aſide.*

Sir *Cha.* That done, place your ſelves all round the Cobler's Bed; perfume the Apartment where he lies; attend him as his Servants; wait upon him; obey all his Commands, and call him your Lord—Let him have Muſick, when he wakes; and bid *Betty*, the Chambermaid, take the *Spaniſh* Princeſſes's Dreſs, and perſonate his Lady; and let her call him her Lord and Husband ——

1*ſt Serv.* This will be pure Sport, Eſackins!

2*d Serv.*

2d Serv. Adad, I ſhall never hold from laughing.

Sir *Cha.* Come, Mr. *Jolly*, while theſe things are preparing, we will walk in and refreſh our ſelves.

SCENE *The Road.*

The Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths dead Drunk.

Cicely, Alice, *and* Conſtable.

Cic. Ah! Mr. *Conſtable*, he is the moſt harlotry Knave alive! I warrant he is an infinitive thing, at leaſt fourteen or fifteen Pence on my Score! Then he ſwaggers ſo, when he is in his Eale; he beats my Cuſtomers, he breaks my Mugs; and, to be ſure, is ſo untowardly about Steate Matters—

Conſt. Well, well Woman, but what doſt thou charge him with?

Cic. It was but the laſt Fear Day, when he was bound over to the *Niſi Prizi*, about breaking Gaffer *Dobbins* Head with our Pewter Flaggon, d'y ſee,—— only becauſe he call'd the Pope *the Whore of* Babylon; and you know Gaffer *Dobbins* cannot abide the Pope.

Conſt. What have I to do with your Story of the Pope and Gaffer *Dobbins*? What do you charge him with, I ſay again? ——

Cic. Why, firſt, I charge him with Burgulary.

Conſt. For what?

Cic. For

Cic. For calling his good Worſhip, Sir *Jeoffry Freeman*, a Presbyterian, Schematick, and a Round Head—

Conſt. Very well! this is *ad Rem*—What have you farther?

Cic. Why then, I charge him with forſwearing himſelf, and with Perjury, and bearing Falſe Witneſs.

Conſt. As how?

Cic. Why, for knocking down *Peter Turph*—becauſe honeſt *Peter* would not drink his abomination Healths: Beſides, he is guilty of the Statue of Stabbing.

Conſt. How Woman! guilty of the Statute of Stabbing, ſay you?

Cic. Yes, I do ſay it; for being treacherouſly diſpoſed towards my Daughter *Kitty* in the Hay-ricke—Will ye nill ye, I proteſt—Oh, he is a moſt Honey-ſuckle Villain—And ſo I preay ye, Maſter *Conſtable*, that he may be comprehended as an aſpitious Perſon.

Conſt. Well, well, he ſhall be forth coming. Here *Richard Slough*, take the Priſoner upon your back and carry him to my Houſe—When he awaketh, he ſhall be examin'd. (*Carry off the Butler.*) But you muſt make Oath of theſe things, Woman.

Cic. Aye, that I will, take my Bible Oath on't.

Conſt. Very well, very well: To morrow Morning, Woman, when this Cobler has recover'd his Underſtanding, that is, his Legs, I will tranſlate him to Sir *Charles Briton*'s, where

 he

he ſhall be examin'd, *ſolus cum ſolo*; and thou ſhalt be conſol'd about the Fractures in thy Juggs, and the fourteen Pence that he is upon thy Score. (*Exeunt* Cicely *and* Alice.) So, ſo, it behoveth a Magiſtrate to be ſententious; and if ſo be, he is capable of ſeaſoning his Wiſdom with ſome ſmack of Mirth, he acts judiciouſly indeed. (*Exit* Conſtable.

SCENE *An Anti-Room to a Bed-Chamber.*

Sir Charles Briton *dreſs'd like a* Spaniſh *Doctor, and two Servants as* Spaniards.

Sir *Cha.* So, ſo, I ſee you are dreſs'd; are all the reſt ready?

Serv. They are all now attending round the Bed. He juſt now lifted up his Eye-Lids and yawn'd—and then clos'd 'em again for another Nap—Will your Worſhip pleaſe to have the Door ſet open?

Sir *Cha.* By all means; but be ſure you give him no Occaſion by over-acting your Parts, or any unſeaſonable Laughter, to ſuſpect the Deceit.

The Doors open'd, the Cobler diſcover'd in a rich Bed; Servants on each ſide the Stage, ſome preparing Tea, others Chocolate, as againſt his Levee.

Kit. (*Yawning.*) Heigh Ho! a Pot of Small Eale, *Joan*, for Heaven's ſake, a Pot of Small

Hale—Why doſt not come Woman? Hey day! what!—Why certainly I am awake—Hah—What! I am moſt damnably frighted—I don't like theſe Fellows—Who are they? I dare not aſk, no, not for the Soul of me——

(Lorenzo *Enters.*) Is my Lord awake, *Diego?*

Diego. Softly *Lorenzo*, ſoftly—He is aſleep ſtill—Heaven grant this ſweet Refreſhment may do him good.

Loren. His Majeſty has ſent to know how he reſted laſt Night.

Diego. Better than uſual truly, better than uſual—He does not ſtir yet—How greatly the King honours him!

Kit. I am moſt horribly frighted. The King ſend to know how I reſt—I am moſt damnaby frighted; why, what is to be done here—. (Diego *goes to the Bed, and* Kit *ſneaks his Head under the Bed-cloaths.*

Diego. He ſleeps ſtill; this Doctor will do Wonders: Well, if he recovers his Lordſhip, he will have a Gratuity of a Thouſand Pound from the King for the Cure; beſides the Honour of bringing back a Perſon of his Wiſdom and Weight to the Service of the Publick—

Kit. Humph—How! I cannot gueſs what the Devil they drive at.

Diego. 'Tis a thouſand pities ſo fine a Gentleman ſhould be thus diſturb'd in his Head—

Kit. A fine Gentleman—

Diego. Ten to one, now, when he awakes, he will ramble and rave as he uſed to do, about the

the Story of the Cobler and his Wife ——— —*Kit.* How! — What! — a Cobler and his Wife; why, they can't mean me ſure all this while—

Loren. Aye, how odly will he talk of his being a poor Cobler, and that his Wife *Joan* is the veryeſt Vixin in all *Lancaſhire*——

Diego. 'Tis that Beer, *Lorenzo*, that damn'd *Engliſh* ſtrong Beer, that diſtracts him ſo, and fills him with baſe ignoble Thoughts.

Loren. 'Tis ſtrange! No Advice can prevail with him not to drink it.

Kit. Aye! now 'tis plain they mean me— But what!——— Why ſure! Nay, now I am more amazed than ever— Humph — What Company am I got into? ——What Buſineſs have I in this Bed? — How came I here?—

Diego. Order his Lordſhip's Band of Muſick in the Anti-Chamber, gently to touch their Inſtruments, and awake him with the ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Sounds of Harmony—

Kit. Muſick! What the Devil are they about? Here is ſome curſed Blunder made; I ſhall be hang'd that is certain, I am got into a Lord's Bed-Chamber, I don't know how; Aye, and into his very Bed too.

Diego. I will venture to peep once more into his Curtains, and ſee if he ſtirs yet—

Kit. Ah Lord! —now I am taken in the Fact: What ſhall I do?

Diego. (*Softly at his Curtains.*) My Lord— My honour'd Lord—

Kit. What does your good Worſhip ſay? Here is no Body here but I, an it pleaſe you—

Loren. Your Lordſhip's Gown— (*They put on his Gown, and ſet him at the Feet of the Bed.*

Diego. Will your Lordſhip taſte ſome Chocolate or Tea?

Kit. An it ſhall pleaſe you, you miſtake me for ſome other Perſon to be ſure.

Loren. Ah! *Diego*, *Diego*, he is ſtill in the ſame unhappy Diſtraction!

Kit. What's that you ſay, good Sir? Upon my Word I don't know how I came here, I had no Deſign indeed.

Diego. What Cloaths will your Lordſhip pleaſe to wear to day?

Kit. Pho, Pox, what do you mean? I am *Chriſtopher Sly* of *Preſton Heath*. Nay, nay, do no' geam a Body thus—Why, what?

Diego. Your *Engliſh* Brocade will be too hot, and the *Perſian* too cool, I think your *Genoa* aſh-colour'd Velvet will ſuit your Honour beſt to day.

Kit. Prithee now, Prithee indeed, an it ſhall pleaſe you, it is well known I have no more Doublets than Backs, nor no more Stockings than Legs, nor no more Shoes than Feet; nay ſometimes more Feet than Shoes, or ſuch Shoes as my Toes peep through the upper Leather.

Diego. Heaven, good Heaven, amend this idle Humour: Oh! that a Man ſo born—in ſuch Eſteem and Credit, of ſo clear a Judgment, and ſo ſound an Underſtanding—

ſhou'd

ſhou'd be poſſeſs'd by ſuch an evil Spirit.

Kit. What wou'd you make me mad! Am not I *Kit Sly?* old *Sly*'s Son of *Wiggan*—born a Pedlar, brought up a Card-maker, then turn'd into a Bearherd——and now, as you ſee, tranſlated into a Cobler—— Aſk *Cicely Gundy*, the fat Ale-wife of *Preſton*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen Pence on her Score for ſheer Ale, ſcore me up for the moſt lying Knave in *Chriſtendom*. What, I am not beſtraught! here's!——

Diego. Oh! this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

Loren. Oh! this is that makes your Servants droop.

Bart. Therefore your noble Kindred ſhun (your Houſe.
As driven hence by this ſtrange Lunacy.
Behold your Servants all attend around,
Each in his Office ready at your Nod.

Kit. Very well, very well, then you ſay I am a Lord, Hah!

Diego. You are a Lord—and you can draw your Lineage down from the Flood—ſo noble is your Name.

Kit. Oh, Hoh—but am I really, really a Lord?

Loren. Ah, my good Lord, why ſhould you doubt your Worth?
You have a Lady far more beautiful
Than any Woman in this waining Age.

Kit. A Lady—Hah!—what, is ſhe handſome? very handſome?

Sir *Tha.*

—Sir *Ch.* Until thoſe Tears, which ſhe has ſhed (for you,
Like waſting Floods, o'er-ran her lovely Face,
She was the faireſt Creature in all *Spain*.

Kit. Spain! Am I a Lord? And have I ſuch a Lady? Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now? I do not ſleep, I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak; I ſmell ſweet Savours, and I feel ſoft Things: Oh Pox, it would be very rude and impertinent in me to doubt any longer. Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight—And prithee, Friend, once more, a Pot of the ſmalleſt Eale.

Loren. Oh how we joy to ſee your Wits re- (ſtor'd!
Oh that once more you knew but who you (were!
Theſe fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,
Or when you waked, ſo waked, as if you ſlept.

Kit. Fifteen Years, doſt thou ſay! a goodly Nap by my Faith. But did I never ſpeak in all that time?

Loren. Oh yes, but very wild and idle Words.—

Kit. Well! Heaven be praiſed for my good Recovery!

Loren. Amen, with all my Heart.

Kit. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it; I'll be good to thee.

Enter Betty, *as his Lady, with Attendants.*

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Kit. Marry

Kit. Marry I fare well —here's Chear enough ——but pray where's my Wife?

Lady. Here my good Lord—What is your Lordſhip's Pleaſure?

Kit. Hah! a goodly Wench! a *Bona Roba* in troth;—Now ſhall I know whether this be a Dream, or no in a Moment. Are you my Wife, forſooth? Hah!— why don't you call me Husband? My Men ſay, I am a Lord, and I am your good Man.

Lady. My Husband and my Lord; my Lord and Husband. I am your deareſt Wife in all Obedience.

Kit. Very well! I am glad to hear it, in Troth. What muſt I call her?

Diego. Madam.

Kit. Alice Madam, or *Joan* Madam?

Diego. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo Lords call their Ladies.

Kit. Madam Wife, they ſay that I have ſlept and dreamt ſome fifteen Years, or thereabouts.

Lady. Yes, and it ſeem'd a tedious Age to me, being all that Time abandon'd from your Bed.

Kit. Ha! — that's much! Servants, leave me and Madam alone, before I take t'other Nap.—Madam Wife, undreſs your ſelf, and come to Bed now.

Doct. My honour'd Lord, this wou'd endanger a Relapſe; indeed your Blood muſt be gently temper'd by degrees, the poſſeſſion of a Woman now wou'd cauſe a Tumefacti-

on, which wou'd occaſion an Inflammation, which might increaſe to a Conflagration, and thereby give Birth to a Schirrification, which muſt end in a Mortification, which is properly ſpeaking, a Diſſolution of Action, in conſequence whereof the Springs of Life ſtand ſtill —the Vulgar call it Death. (*Spoken very faſt.*

Kit. Zounds, Mr. Doctor, I'll venture all that, I am not to be directed by you in this Matter; let my Blood take its Courſe, I warrant you I do well after it.—You're a pragmatical Fellow, I muſt tell you that, to meddle in this Buſineſs; come Madam Wife, if we give ear to this idle Raſcal, I may fall into a Trangram Dream again, and thou may'ſt lie fallow fifteen Years longer.—What!—

Lady. Thrice Noble Lord, let me intreat of (you,
To pardon me yet for a Night or two;
Or if not ſo, until the Sun be ſet:
For your Phyſitians all agree in this,
'Tis certain your Diſtemper will return,
If I conſent not to refrain your Bed.
I hope this Reaſon ſtands for my Excuſe.

Kit. Aye, it ſtands ſo—that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I ſhou'd be loath to fall into my Dreams again, I will therefore tarry, for I am deviliſhly afraid of relapſing into a Cobler.—But hearky', you Whiskers, *Don Diego*,—What Countryman am I, pray?—

Diego. Ah, my good Lord, there's not a *Conde* in all *Arragon* can boaſt a Family ſo Ancient, or a more plentiful Inheritance.—

Kit. An *Arrogant Conde*, what's that?

Diego. The King of *Spain* himſelf, whom we all ſerve, has not a nobler Subject.

Kit. What! then I am a *Spaniard*, am I? Prithee, my Friend, what Language do we ſpeak now? Hah!

Diego. Truly, my Lord, I think we ſpeak better *Spaniſh* here than they do at *Madrid.*

Loren. Oh! *Alcantara* has been always famous for the pureſt *Spaniſh.*

Kit. Ha, ha, ha, why theſe *Muſtachio*, ſtiff-neck'd Sons of Whores, are a Pack of the moſt conſumed Lyars—Hearky' Friend, 'tis in vain to argue this matter with you I find; but I do, between you and I now, poſitively aſſure you, that I cou'd never ſpeak any other Language than plain *Engliſh* in my Life.

Diego. Why, how is it poſſible, my Lord, for me, who underſtand nothing but *Spaniſh*, to anſwer you, if you ſpoke nothing but *Engliſh?*

Kit. Aye, why that is true, very true.

Diego. Ah, my good Lord, this curſed Diſtemper yet hangs about you, and clouds your Underſtanding.

Kit. Well, well, I will ask no further Queſtions, for they puzzle me conſumedly.

Diego. My Lord, ſome Neighbours hearing of your Recovery, are come to entertain you with a Song, and chear your Heart with Mirth.

Kit. Hah!—— this muſt be ſome damn'd Miſtake or other at the bottom!——but I

dare not ask Queſtions—well! let 'em come in, *Diego.*

A Dialogue SONG *between a Cobler and his Wife.*

I.

She. GOe, *goe; you vile Sot!*
Quit your Pipe and your Pot:
Get home to your Stall, and be doing.
You puzzle your Pate
With Whimſies of State,
And play with Edge-Tools to your Ruin.

II.

He. *Keep in that ſhrill Note,*
Or I'll ramm down your Throat
This Red-hot black Pipe, I am ſmoaking.
Thou Plague of my Life!
Thou Gypſie! Thou Wife!
How dareſt thou thy Lord be provoking?

III.

She. *You riot and roar*
For Babylon's *Whore,*
And give up your Bible and Pſalter:
I prithee, dear Kit,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

IV. He.

IV.

He. *Nay pr'ythee, ſweet* Joan,
Now let me alone
To follow this Princely Vocation.
I mean to be Great,
In ſpight of my Fate;
And ſettle my ſelf and the Nation.

V.

She. *Goe, goe, you vile Sot!*
He. *I matter Thee not?*
She. *Was ever poor Woman ſo ſlighted!*
He. *Thy Fortune is made!*
She. *Goe follow your Tade!*
He. *I tell Thee, I mean to be Knighted.*

VI.

She. *A Whipping-Poſt Knight!*
He. *Get out of my Sight!*
She. *Thou Traytor, Thou! mark thy ſad Ending.*
He. *I'll new-vamp the State;*
The Church I'll tranſlate:
Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

Kit. Ha, ha; this is a very Commonty, Faith. That Fellow now is as like me, I mean in my Dreams — and my Wife too! — Well, well: Come, we have had Singing enough — For Godſake, let us have a Cup of Strong Beer — Nay, don't ſtare: for, by the Lord *Harry*, I will have it ſo, or I'll flea you all

alive. How now! Aye, and you ſhall all ſit down, and drink Bumpers round, as faſt as you can pour them down— Come, *Diego*, you are my firſt Miniſter; ſit on my Right-Hand: So!— What is Madam Wife gone? be it ſo: for, to ſay the Truth, ſhe is but a Temptation to me, ſince I may not uſe her—

Doct. Might I preſume, my Lord, that *Engliſh* Beer which you delight in, is too heavy for your Conſtitution.

Kit. What? How? are you giving your Advice again, Sirrah? Zounds! you ſmutty muzzled Dung-Broker, pretend to tell me, Strong Beer is not good for me! Lend me your Spit, Friend; I'll put that Dog to Death, this Moment. What, is he gone? 'tis well: What a Pox; if one did not pluck up a Spirit, I ſee —— Come, *Diego*, all of you ſit down —— (*A Servant brings in a large Jugg of Strong Beer and a Country Horn.*) Aye, that is ſomewhat like! ſet it down, and place the Horn in my Right-Hand: bring Pipes and Tobacco; ſo!—— Come —— here's to all true Hearts and ſound Bottoms!

Diego. Aye, this a Loyal Health, indeed!

Kit. Ah *Diego!* if we were not in *Spain* now, I cou'd drink ſuch Healths as would ſet us all together by the Ears in a Moment!— Are you a *Whig* or a *Tory*?

Diego. I don't know what your Lordſhip means.

Kit. I am glad on't: Come, drink about: I have had the Devil to do in my Dreams about that Matter.

Enter

Enter Joan.

Joan. Oh the Vather! how they have dizen'd him! Why *Kit! Kit!* why doſt let 'em play their Gambols with thee thus, *Kit?*

Kit. Aye, there ſhe is, by the Lord *Harry!* before I have drank two Horns round—

Loren. Who, my good Lord?

Kit. Oons, you ſtiff-rump'd Pimp, my Wife: don't you ſee her?

Joan. Goe, you eternal Sot! never well, but when you have a Pot and a Pipe at your Noſe!——Goe, goe.—— And you may be aſhamed, that you may, to keep a Woman's Husband here Ranting and Scanting, when he ſhou'd be a pains-taking with his poor Wife at Home. (*They keep her from him.*

Kit. Looky', Neighbours; I know the Woman well enough: She muſt be nointed; her Conſtitution requires it; one Ounce of Oil of Stirrop makes her as ſupple and tractable as a Lamb——This to me! This to me! (*ſtrutting and roaring*) What, am I not your Sovereign Redidary Lord and Husband? Hah!

Loren. Who is it you talk to, my Lord?

Diego. What troubles your Lordſhip thus?

Doct. You hold Diſcourſe ev'n with the idle Air.

Joan. Ah, what an Oaf they make thee, *Kit!* Come home you Sot! come home!

Kit. Will

Kit. Will you help me, my Neighbours, to a Leather about an Ell long, ſuch a one as your Coblers uſe; and let it be doubled, Do you hear? Let it be doubled in the Form of a Stirrop. You ſhall ſee what ſort of Diſcipline I uſed to dream I gave to juſt ſuch a ſort of a Woman, when I was in my Trangrums, before I waked.

Joan. Let me come at him! Let me come at him! I'll tear his Eyes out, a Rogue! (*She attempts to fly at him, and they force her out; as ſhe is going,* Lorenzo *ſpeaks to her aſide.*

Loren. What art thou mad, Woman, to diſturb his Lordſhip in this manner, when you hear he is a little diſorder'd in his Head? Thy Husband is now dead drunk, in the Poſſeſſion of the Conſtable. Go, go to him, and ſatisfy thy ſelf.

Kit. So! Heaven be praiſed, ſhe is gone!

Diego. Who is gone, my Lord? Here was no body.

Loren. How his Imagination abuſes him!

Kit. Why, what did you not ſee our *Joan*?

Doct. This evil Spirit ſtill haunts him.

Kit. Why, aye, it is true; this is an evil Spirit that always haunts me, Morning, Noon, and Night; I can tell you that—And ſo you ſay my Wife was not here? Hah!

Diego. Ah, my good Lord!—

Kit. Nay, nay, I only ask; 'tis very well —My Mind is very much diſorder'd indeed! —I am in mighty whimſical Circumſtances. Aye, very whimſical Circumſtances.

Diego. My Lord, the Dancers attend, as you order'd 'em.

Kit. I order'd 'em! Nay, nay, it may be ſo! Let 'em come an they will; but a Pox on 'em! they ſhall not interrupt our Mirth. Come, my Boys! ſit down, we'll drink till our Heads turn round as faſt as their Heels—Ah! when all is done, this is the only true Pleaſure of Life!

(*While the Dance is performing, they drink faſt about, and the Cobler is very Drunk.*

Kit. Dub——Rub, Dub a Dub! Rumps and Round-Heads, Rumps and Round-Heads! I'll be a Rebel, down with the Rump, down with the Rump; and yet I do not Rebel, look'ee becauſe I hate the Government—but becauſe there ſhould be no Government at all——Look'ye, I am for Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance; and ſo I will knock every Body down, and be ſubject to no Body. I am likewiſe for Liberty and Property; that is, declare for a Spunge and no Taxes: and in order to bring this about the more expeditiouſly, I pronounce my ſelf a Doxy Member of that Church which can forgive all my Sins, paſt, preſent, and to come. And ſo *Diego*, good Night. (*Falls aſleep.*)

Sir *Char.* Hah, hah——So his Lordſhip is finiſh'd——

Jolly. He has perform'd beyond our Hopes.

Sir *Char.* Well, now take his Lordſhip up, and convey him to his own dirty Hovel; lay him in his Bed——his Wife is abroad; ſhe

ſhe is now ſearching for him at the Conſtable's Houſe: Let us ſee how we may yet work upon him, when he returns to his original Shape.

Jolly. The Deluſion is now ſo ſtrong, I believe we may prolong it ſtill.

Diego. Away with him. (*They take him upon their Backs and bear him off.*

Loren. Come my Lord, to your Stirrop and Hammer once more.

Sir *Char.* In the mean time let us not forget the Surloin of Beef I order'd to be ready by Three. That will be the chief of your Dinner, Mr. *Jolly*, with a Flask of ſpritely *Burgundy*, to drink his Majeſty's Health, and all the Royal Family.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT the Second.

SCENE *The Conſtable's Houſe.*

The Butler *in the* Cobler's *Cloaths, dead drunk.*

Butler raiſes his Head.) Dick, *Dick!* lay the Cloath—whet the Knives: I cannot come; I am buſie, very buſie——.

Enter Conſtable, *followed by* Joan.

Conſt. What a Howling is here? is the Woman wild tro!——There: there lies your Houſhod-ſtuff: the Furniture of your beſt Chamber; but 'tis in a moſt filthy Pickle—Come, up with him; take your Government upon your Shoulders——Dame, march off with your Head upon your Back—You know his Weight.

Joan. Ah, 'tis a filthy Pig! always wallowing in the Waſh!——What the Dickens, did the Eale they gave me in the Buttery at the Hall-Houſe, dazzle my Ears and my

Eyes, ſo that I took a Lord there for our *Kit*?——and made ſuch an Uproar, Efackins, I am aſheam'd as it were——

Conſt. Away with your Rubbiſh, I ſay; remove your Lumber, Dame.——

Joan. Ah, 'tis our *Kit* ſure enough! I'll ring 'en ſuch a Peal, when he is ſober, as it were.——I pray ye now, Maſter *Conſtable*, let him have his Nap out—and I'll borrow Neighbour *Treddle*'s Wheel-barrow for 'en in the Morning, and roul e'n Home as well as I con.

Conſt. Do ſo, thou Hoop of a Hogſhead; for as thou art that Veſſel's Rib, 'tis plain, thy whole Buſineſs is to keep a Tun of Beer tight only——Do ſo; and drive him Home in Triumph. Hear ye me, Good Woman! thy Husband is guilty of no Crime, but what Juſtice may wink at——— for our whole County conſiſts of walking Veſſels of *October*; now to accuſe one Veſſel to another, for no other Crime but being full, would be downright falſe Heraldry.——I am a Magiſtrate, and have ſome Wiſdom. Away!—Away!

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Cobler's Stall on one ſide of the Stage, and a little poor Bed on the other.* Kit *in Bed.*

Kit alone.) Hey hoh!——where are my Servants? Here, ſome of you bring me a whole

whole But of your *Engliſh* Small-Beer —— Here *Diego!* *Lorenzo!* *Bartolino!* —— Why, where are my Varlets? —— I'll have the Dogs Liveries ſtripp'd over their Ears, and turn 'em all out to Graſs —— Tho' I muſt own I have a ſort of a liking to *Senior Diego*, he took his Glaſs off *ſuper Na-culum* —— Hah! —What! why this is my old Flock Hammock! Aye, and there is my ſpacious Shop too, of a Yard long! —— and thoſe are my baſe Implements! —— But where's *Joan?* —— Aye, Mad as ſure as a Gun —— I am in my *Trangrums* again —— Ho! Pox! I am always undervaluing my ſelf: this is only now one of my old Quondaries they tell me of —— Here; where are you? What, will no Creature come near me? —— Now am I moſt conſumedly puzzled, to know whether I Dreamt before, or whether I Dream now, or whether 'tis all a Dream from beginning to ending? whether I am my Lord what do y' call him, or *Kit* the Cobler? Some Body or No Body! ——

Enter Joan.

Hold! here comes one will interpret all my Dream, with a Vengeance ——

Joan. (*Buſie ſweeping and ſetting the Room to right.*) Was there ever ſuch a Sot! —— All our Neighbours cry Shame o'en —— Wou'd he were here —— I wou'd rattle him! — Good lack! — What a Litter this Shop is in! — We

have a ſhort of Work, and not one Stitch ſet; there's Neighbour *Clump*'s Boots to be liquor'd, there's *Peter Hobſon*'s Shoe'n to be tapp'd—beſides Dame *Goſlin*'s Patins, and the Curate's Galoſhoes that are to be lined with Swan Skin!—Oh Lud! Oh Thieves!——Thieves!—Murther!—Fire!

Kit. How now! what is the Woman Gallied, tro'!—

Joan. Thieves, Thieves!

Kit. Silence, I ſay—What has poſſeſs'd the Woman? Either take that abominable ſhrill Pipe of thine a Note lower——or I will——

Joan. Who are you? What are you? How came you here? And what Buſineſs have you in this Place?

Kit. Hah!——

Joan. Oh Lud! *Kit!* Why, I left thee juſt now faſt aſleep in the Conſtable's Kitchin; I ſtaid but one Moment at Goody *Tattles*, to tell her to take her Cow out of the Lees—And ſee if thou haſt not ſlipt home, and got into Bed before me!

Kit. Let us hear that again!——Hah! where didſt thou leave thy Husband, good Woman, doſt thou ſay?

Joan. Why, I tell the *Kit*, I left thee at the Conſtable's, drunk aſleep; and I Marl how thou getteſt home ſo ſoon!

Kit. Haud ye!——Haud ye!——Not ſo faſt, Woman, I will take care thy Husband ſhall come to no Harm—he is an honeſt Man; he

he loves a Cup of Ale, I have heard; but that's a ſmall Fault indeed—Go home—and be eaſy, my Servants ſhall bring thee thy Husband.

Joan. Thy Servants, *Tom. Dingle!*—Goody'e now! Goody'e, what in this Fale ſtill, *Kit?* Come, Do'n thy Cloaths, and get thee to Work!—What the Dickens!—

Kit. Good lack! good lack!—Why, this is the Hag now that has plagued me in my Dreams thus for fifteen Years together! and ſo puzzled my Pate, that I have all along miſtaken my ſelf for a Cobler, and her for my Wife!

Joan. Out you drunken Sot!—Why, *Kit*, what do you deny your lawful Wife, *Kit?* Adſnigs, I'll make you find your Senſes, in good Faith, I will! Why Sirrah, Sirrah!—I'll ſiegue your Trulls, Efaith!—I'll ferret out your Coneyboroughs! I'll teach you to Drink, and Wench, and come home and bely the Wife of your Boſom thus, I will!—(*Crying.*) Oh! Oh!—was ever poor Woman ſo us'd by a ſawcy Knave, that had not a Shoe to his Foot, 'tis well known, nor a Rag to his Back, till I took him out of a Joal and cloath'd him!

Kit. Look thee *Joan*, that I do not uſe any Diſcipline to thee now, if I can gueſs at thy Husband's Temper, may be a Proof to thee, that I am not thy Husband—This Place, 'tis true, does appear to me to be a

a Cobler's Stall, neither better nor worſe; and thou doſt appear likewiſe, both by thy Words and Looks, to be a Cobler's Wife—But *Joan*, I know now moſt certainly, that all this is but a Dream ---- a baſe low Imagination, which I am always afflicted with when I ſleep.---- But be peaceable, and preſently too, or elſe I know, by ſome infallible Symptoms, that I ſhall Dream of ſtrapping thee moſt confoundedly.

Joan. Oh Lud, Oh Lud! to be ſure our *Kit* is diſtraught; his Brains are quite addled!---What ſhall I do with 'en? --- Come *Kit*, I won't be angry:---- lye down in the Bed, do ye ſo, and I will get a *Cardous* Poſſet, and thou ſhalt ſweat a little.

Kit. No, No, I will ariſe and conſider this matter uprightly; Aye, and with much Wiſdom.---- But do not thou multiply Words; if thou art my Wife, be Obedient and Silent: Come, give me my Cloaths, Woman.

Joan. Cloaths! Goody'e now! Goody'e! here are no Cloaths! Why *Kit*, what haſt thou done with thy Cloaths, *Kit?*

Kit. No Cloaths!--- No Cloaths!--- Nay, I do not remember that I wore any Cloaths when I was your *Spaniſh* Lord yonder, neither.

Joan. Oh *Gemini*!---- what is this *Kit?* Oh the Father! what a fine ſilken Gown is here!

Kit. Aye,

Kit. Aye, why there's it! now 'tis plain again! (*In a Rage.*) Anſwer me thou Witch of *Endor*?—How came I hither? How did you ſteal me away? Where are your Imps? Reſtore me to my Lordſhip, my Houſe, my Lands, my Servants, and my Cellar of ſtrong Beer?—

Enter a Countryman.

Count. Odſnigs, *Kit*, give me my Sho'en done or undone. I'll ſtay no longer for 'en. Eale and Politicks will be the utter undoing of thy good Man; I foreſee that now, *Joan.*

Joan. Ah Gaffer! he has gotten into an Acquaintance, as one may ſay, with ſome of your *Spaniſh* Royſters, that lie yonder at Sir *Charles Britons*—and he is at laſt got drunk for good and all—Lookee, where he ſtruts in his ſilken Gown!—He reaves ſo! you ne'er ſaw the peer o'en; he ſays he is a Lord, and denies me to be his lawful Wife!—Pray ye Gaffer, talk to 'en a little, and try to diſpoſe 'en an ye con.

Count. Why hearkee Neighbour, Neighbour *Kit*; why, what the good Year! Why doſt thou ſtraddle about, and toſs up thy Snout ſo, like one of your Actors in a Stage-Play?——Speak to me, Mon, give me thy Hond——What doſt thou not know thy old Friend and Neighbour Gaffer *Hobſon?*

Kit. You

Kit. You are ſomewhat ſawcy, methinks, my familiar Friend.

Count. Ha, ha, ha—Aye, 'tis all Pride and Idleneſs!—he wou'd always be meddling with your Cudgel-playings, and your State Affairs, and your Bull-baitings, and Randying all the Country over, and ſuch like——— ſee what 'tis come to! 'Tis true, he always bore a Mind above his Means———

Kit. Thou Devil, in the Shape of a Clown, Avant—What hand have you had in this Journey-work? Did you help that Witch to unlord me; thus to ſteal me out of my ſelf, and my own *Spaniſh* Country, and tranſlate me into this raſcally Cobler's Form that I now wear?

Coun. Lookee, my Lord, I do not come to preat with yee about your Politicks, and your outlandiſh Affairs. I bore in Head welly a Twelmonth ago, that ye would be mad, or be hang'd—Dono' dunder my Head with your Nonſenſe—I came in an honeſt way, as I may ſay, to pay yee the Thirteen Pence that I owe; and take my Sho'en, if they are ſoal'd and heel-pieced. And ſo, my Lord, if you pleaſen, as they ſay'n, to wax one End of Thred, and handle your Awl for a Minute or two, you may be a Lord afterwards, and Welcome.—Ha, ha, ha.

Kit. Hah!—what!—Thirteen Pence doſt thou ſay? Thirteen Pence is, indeed, a conſiderable Sum!——And ſeriouſly now, I do not find that my Lordſhip has any Mony at all.

all—I ſuppoſe my Steward keeps my Cash ——Aye, but where is he? the Scoundrels are all vaniſhed ——what ſhall I do?—I don't know, I think it may be proper however to try, whether I have Ingenuity enough to earn a Penny in an Honeſt Way—My Mind miſgives me now, that I can ſoal a pair of Shoes by Inſtinct, as it were.—Od, I'll try—*Joan*! take the poor Fellow's Thirteen Pence, and fetch a double Flaggon of Goody *Gundy's Stingo* ——I think I heard of ſuch an Ealewife among you, when I was in *England*.

Joan. Heaven be thankful, his Brains begin to earn towards his Buſineſs again!—I'll fetch his Eale; we muſt not croſs 'en in theſe Humours. (*Exit* Joan.

(Kit *ſits down to Work and Sings, after which he ſpeaks*

Kit. Honeſt *Kit*, or my Lord, or my Lord or *Kit*, for which of you I ſpeak to, I cannot tell at preſent, give me a patient Hearing: The Queſtion then, between me and my ſelf, is, Whether I am a dreaming Lord and a waking Cobler, or a dreaming Cobler and a waking Lord?—Yeſterday my Servants were all *Spaniſh* Gentlemen; my Wife was a Lady; my Bed all ſilken; my Houſe as big as a Church; my Meat ſo good, that I could not tell what it was; and my Booze as right as ever was tipp'd: All theſe Things, I ſay, did then appear to theſe Eyes of mine, (if theſe Eyes of mine are mine, and

were then open) to belong to me, their natural Lord and Maſter: And now this Morning, my fine Lady is turned into a ſcolding Vixen; my great Houſe into a wretched Hovel; my ſpacious Chamber into a Cobler's Stall; and my Silken Down Bed into muſty Flocks and filthy Woollen.——In ſhort, all Things round me appear to be the Raſcally Appurtenances of *Kit* the Cobler——I am horribly tranſmogrified from Day to Day!——Pho! Pox! it muſt be ſo; I am but a Cobler after all: at leaſt I'll fix here now; 'tis better to be Somebody than Nobody; however—

Enter Joan *with a double Flaggon of Ale.*

Joan. So *Kit*, how doſt thou do? What, art not out of thy Conundrums yet, Mon? *(giving him the Flaggon.*

Kit. Ah, this is an old Acquaintance indeed! this proves me broad awake, and clears up all my Scruples at once: Welcome to my Arms once more: It makes me weep for Joy to ſee my old Friend and Acquaintance! What Wonders doſt thou work? as Sir *Charles* uſed to ſay: Thou makeſt Men Plot without Brains, Fight without Courage, and Rebel without Reaſon: Thou turneſt Libertines into Zealots, and Fox-hunters into Stateſmen: To thee I owe my Briskneſs, when I Randy my fine Speeches at the Head of the Mobility: To thee, my deareſt, I owe that

that I was a *Spaniſh* Lord laſt Night; and for thee I owe *Cicely Gunay* the Lord knows what!——and ſo, Neighbour *Hobſon*, here's to you.

Coun. See, ſee, *Joan*, how he pulls!—— what, is all out?

Kit. Aye, aye, an it were Ten Fathom deep——Come *Joan*, as I was a Lord of my own making, I unlord my ſelf again, and acknowledge thee for my Lawful Spouſe.—— Nothing ſticks on my Conſcience, but this Harlotry Gown here—Od, I believe it was brought by the Fairies.

Enter Squire Jolly's *Servants dreſs'd as before, like* Spaniards.

Diego. I was afraid his old Diſtraction wou'd return.

Ant. This is very Witchcraft!

Loren. Look, if he be not ſet down to Work like a poor Cobler!

Diego. Alas, my Lord, how is it with you?

Ant. How came your Lordſhip here?

Loren. Your faithful Servants have been ſeeking you this Hour and more.

Ant. My poor Lady refuſes all Comfort.

Diego. And has charg'd us on pain of Death to find you out, and bring you back, once more, to your own Palace.

Kit. Hah!— What!— aye! 'tis my Old Friend *Diego*! Aye, and that is *Lorenzo*!—

and there is that hatchet-faced Rogue, who deny'd me the Uſe of Madam Wife laſt Night! I remember 'em all very well!

Loren. We have brought your Lordſhip's Cloaths.

Diego. Will your Honour pleaſe to Dreſs?

Kit. Aye, Aye, Dreſs me quickly,—quickly!— (*They dreſs him*) But Harkee, Varlets, Scoundrels! are you ſure now, poſitively ſure, that I am your natural Lord and Maſter? *I am deviliſhly afraid I am but a Pretender.* (Aſide.

Diego. Oh, my good Lord!

Loren. If your Lordſhip wou'd but confine your ſelf to the Rules of your Phyſicians—

Diego. Theſe vain Imaginations cou'd never prevail upon you.

Kit. Look thee, honeſt *Diego*, I hate Phyſick, I abominate Doctors: Talk not to me of Doctors.—I wou'd not deny my ſelf the Enjoyment of Roaſt Beef and *October*, to be an Emperor.——What, the Pox! will the Fellow choak me. (*To a Servant putting on his Ruff.*) What is this, Friend!—What is this?

Loren. Only your Lordſhip's Ruff.

Kit. Rough indeed, I think!—Oons, you muſt provide me with a Dog and a String too,—or I ſhall break my Bones, I can tell you; for I cannot ſee one Inch of my Way.

Joan. Oh Lud! Neighbour *Hobſon!* what is the meaning of all this tro'?

Coun. Meaning? Oons, the People are aw wild, I think! — This is moſt certain now, ſome o' your Conjurations, or your Witchcrafts or Ghoſts, as they ſayn——Fleſh, Iſe' e'en ready to ſink!——

Kit. Heark thee, thou Witch of *Endor!* If ever thou layeſt any Claim to my Perſon again—I'll have thy Wainſcot Hide ſtripp'd over thy Ears, and tann'd to make Soals for Plowmen —— What a ſtinking Hole is this?

Diego. Will your Lordſhip uſe your Mule, or your Chariot, or your Litter?

Kit. I cou'd walk well enough, Friend *Diego*, if I cou'd but ſee my Way.

Loren. We'll attend your Lordſhip——

Kit. Good Woman, Fare-you-well, commend me to your Husband; if he wou'd be ſober, he is a ſpecial Workman, that is certain; I'll be his Cuſtomer, he ſhall mend my Shoes. (*Exeunt omnes, but* Joan *and* Countryman.

Joan. To be ſure, Neighbour *Hobſon*, the World is turn'd topſy torvey!—One cannot truſt to one's own Eyes or Ears ——

Coun. I think they have conjur'd thee out of thy Husband, indeed——Odsfiſh, follow 'em *Joan*; for, be he Lord, or Squire, or Emperor, he is thy Husband, Woman ſtill—

Joan. Aye, ſo I thought laſt Night at the Hall-Houſe, but they perſuaded me out on't; And to be plain w' ye, Neighbour, to be ſure I did ſee our *Kit* juſt afterwards, drunk in the Conſtable's Houſe. He is indeed as like my

my Husband as if he were ſpit out of his Mouth; and yet I am partly perſuaded I may be miſtaken——Prithee, *Robin*, go w'me to the Conſtable's; to be ſure I am in a terrible Quandary.—— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Hall-Houſe diſcover'd; a ſpacious Room; the Cobler at a Table; Strong Beer upon it; his Servants waiting round him; and a Doctor at his Right Hand, offering him a Viol.*

Kit. Looky', Doctor, make as many damnable ugly Faces as you pleaſe, I'll not taſte a drop of your Lixar.

Doct. My Lord, with the moſt profound Submiſſion, 'tis impoſſible to recover your Lordſhip without the Adminiſtration of Medi-cine——

Kit. Why then I will remain as I am—What, the Pox, wou'd the Fellow have?—Hearkee, *Diego*—tap a freſh Hoſhead, I command you——this damn'd Fellow denies me the uſe of Madam Wife—my Roaſt Beef—and pretends to be my Friend!

Doct. My Lord, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary your Lordſhip ſhou'd bleed.

Kit. Hah!—Bleed!——

Doct. It will qualify this unnatural Heat in your Blood, and make it circulate freely.

Kit. You

Kit. You are a Son of a Whore. (*Throws a Glaſs of Ale in his Face*) Leave my Preſence—I am not able to bear the Sight of you.

Doct. It is not you, my good Lord, who uſe me thus; but your Diſtemper, which for that Reaſon, I am reſolv'd to conquer. It will be proper therefore to ſhave your Head—— ——After which we will make a Couple of Bliſters inciſional in the Nape of your Neck, which will occaſion a plentiful Evacuation, and draw down the Humours from the *Pia Mater* of your Brain; which Dreins muſt be kept open by two ſmall Ventages, that may not improperly be called Back-Doors in your Body.

Kit. Back Doors! ——thou moſt execrable abominable Spawn of a Clyſter Pipe. Why, *Diego! Vincentio! Lorenzo!* what the Plague is to be done now?—What am I to be butcher'd here?—Aye, this is a Plot, a villanous Contrivance, I ſee it plain—You are all Rebels, arrant Antimarchial, Schematical Hereticks; and have a mind to deſtroy the Church: Oons what do you mean?

Doct. My Lord, I ſhall act only according to the celebrated Preſcription of that moſt learned Doctor in the Faculty, Seignior *Palambrino Cento Galfrido Peuro de Mendoſa*—who was a *Galeniſt.*——

Kit. I did not care if Seignior Doctor—*Mendoſa Palfrey* and you were both hang'd in a String—Sirrah, I diſmiſs you my Service; I'll have no more to do with you. *Doct.*

Doct. Ah my poor Lord! —how ſorry will he be when he comes to his Senſes, for thus miſuſing his moſt faithful Servant! — Come, *Diego*, *Lorenzo*, hold him—— This is the moſt proper time imaginable—the Moon is in the laſt Quadrant of the Eclyptick. (*They hold him, the Doctor draws his Inciſion Knife, while* Kit *ſtruggles and cries out.*

Kit. Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Low-Church Rebels! I'll have you all hanged. ——

Enter a Servant running haſtily, and in a great Fright——The reſt quit the Cobler.

Loren. What's the matter you ſtare ſo wildly!

Kit. Aye, what's the matter, Friend?

Serv. Ah, my good Lord! a whole Troop of Dragoons have ſurrounded the Houſe, they charge you with Treaſon, and ſay, they have a Warrant to hang you upon one of the higheſt Elms before your Palace Gate. ——

Kit. High Treaſon!—— Hah!——I have been a little inclin'd to Rebellion, 'tis true, but ſure that was when I was a Cobler only. What ſhall I do, *Diego*? Cou'd not you clap me into an empty Hogſhead in the Cellar?— Do, *Diego*, do, and throw a *Cheſhire* Cheeſe and a Peck Loaf or two after me; and I'll retire from this vile World, like a Peace-making Miniſter, and paſs the reſt of my Days in Solitude and Sleep——

Diego.

Diego. Alas, my Lord! they'll put us all to the Torture, who can keep a Secret when a Sword is at his Throat?

Kit. Good lack! —— good lack! This is worſe than Senior *Palfrey*'s Receit. Pray, Friend, what is your King's Name? for I have been in ſuch Viſions, my Memory is abſolutely ſpoil'd.

Loren. Alphonſo.

Kit. Oh *Alphonſo*! Aye, why if they go to that then, Squire *Blunder* and I took the Oaths together to his Majeſty at the Quarter Seſſions.

Loren. Then you think taking the Oaths abſolves you from every Thing for the future?

Kit. Aye, for when I have ſworn I won't be a Rebel, what ſignifies what I do after, you know?

Loren. Right!

Kit. Why aye; there was Squire *Clumſey*, Squire *Blunder*, *Nick Quickſett* and Sir *Tim. Dodypole*, and I —— uſed to Drink, and Roar, and talk Treaſon, it would do your Heart good! —What, mun one not be Fisky a little bit or ſo in this Country, Hah!

Loren. Nay, that I know not: But hark, I fear, my Lord, your Servants have capitulated—Aye, 'tis ſo! I ſee the Captain is coming in: He will take your Confeſſion to be ſure.

Enter Squire Jolly *as a Captain of Dragoons, and Servants as Dragoons with him.*

Capt. My Lord, I am yours—I have a ſmall Affair to diſpatch here —— Read this, my Lord, read this——

Kit. I cannot read, an it pleaſe your Honour.

Capt. Read it to him, Slaves. (*Diego reads*)

Captain,

When Pedro Lorenzo, *Conde of* Alcantara, *ſees this, you are to Execute him forthwith, unleſs he ſhows good Reaſon to the contrary.*

Alphonſo.

Capt. If you have a Prayer or two ready made, huddle it over as faſt as you can; for I am in haſte.

Kit. In haſte, Sir!

Capt. Oons Sir—— yes, in haſte! Come, come, be quick, or I'll Halter you, and put you out of your Pain in a Moment.

Kit. Give me leave, Sir, to ſay, I am not the Perſon you take me for; I am but a Cobler, Sir.——

Capt. Frederico, do your Office. (*Puts the Halter about his Neck.*

Kit. Ah, dear Sir, my dear Sir, ſpare me but one Word: Recommend me to my Wife

Joan;

Joan; and tell his Majeſty, that I ca—not help—ta—aking it ve—ry i—ill at his Hands.

Capt. Very well, my Lord! you expect to die like a Man of Quality—and I'll hold your Lordſhip a Thouſand Pounds now this Fellow, ſimply as he looks here —— takes off your Head—at one Blow!— Draw *Pedro*— I warrant you, he nicks the Joint!— Come, Kneel, kneel ————

Kit. Oh, ſpare my Life, Captain, and I'll Peach; I'll tell you the whole Plot.

Capt. Well—you look ſo penitentially, I'll try you: if what you have to ſay will deſerve a Reprieve, you ſhall have it.—Come, begin; but be very clear and full in your Diſcovery, without the leaſt Prevarication.

Kit. Yes indeed, I will make a full and true Diſcovery.

Capt. Come then, begin— Was not you concerned in ſome or all of the Riots and Rebellions that have been in this Country?

Kit. I do not remember.

Capt. How came you among the Traitors?

Kit. I do not know.

Capt. Who ſent you thither?

Kit. I cannot tell.

Capt. What are the Names of your Companions?

Kit. I have quite forgot.

Capt. Had you any Money or Strong Beer given you?

Kit. My Memory quite fails me of a ſuddain.

Capt. How the Rogue prevaricates! Sirrah, Sirrah, you learnt this of your Betters: Come, off with his Head; for he can have no farther uſe for it.

Kit. Ah, dear Sir, do not ye be ſo haſty, and I'll try to remember.

Capt. Quickly then, while you have Life to do it.

Kit. *Imprimis* then, I was drawn away, as they ſayn, to Drink your Jacobite Papiſh Healths; which I did at firſt for the Love of the Beer only, as I am a Chriſtian.

Capt. Well, go on.

Kit. Then, when I was very Boofie, I uſed to leave my Stall, and go a Rioting with *Timothy Sprig* the Tythingman, *Edward Belfrey* our Sexton, *Patrick Quaver* the Clerk, *Dick Marrowbone*, *John a Geates*, *David Bullock*.

Capt. Well, and what then?

Kit. Why then we did beat and knock down all People who were ſoberly diſpoſed: and we did likewiſe moſt abominably diſuſe both the King and the Parliament.

Capt. Who encourag'd you to do all this?

Kit. The Honourable Sir *Andrew Squib* the Worſhipful *Nicholas Quickmatch*, Eſq; and the Reverend Mr. *Peter Pinacle*.

Capt. What Reaſons did they give you for it?

Kit. Money and Strong Beer.

Capt.

Capt. O my Conſcience, I believe thy Confeſſion now is pretty honeſt---Fear has made thee ſpeak Truth.

Kit. Aye, I have been wheadled and terrify'd too into this Plot, indeed Captain.—Why what cou'd a poor weak Sinner do? Our Parſon frighted me with Fire and Brimſtone, and the Squire tempted me with Beef and *October*; what could frail Fleſh and Blood do in ſuch a caſe?

Capt. Do you now promiſe to amend your Life for the future?

Kit. Moſt ſincerely.

Capt. Then get thee Home, honeſt *Kit*; learn to Cobble thy Shoes, and let the Commonwealth alone.—Look upon thoſe *Spaniards*, now their Whiskers are off.—Do you know 'em? (*The Servants pull of their Wigs and Whiskers.*

Kit. Hah; what, is not that thy old Friend *Peter Pimpernell*?--- and *Diego*, there is my dear Boy *Jack*, the Poſtilion of *Bloſſom-Hall*.

Capt. Aye, and that's your good Maſter, Sir *Charles Briton*; whoſe Advice, if you had follow'd, you wou'd never have fall'n into theſe Scrapes, *Chriſtopher*.

Kit. Ah, good your Worſhip! I beg your Worſhip's Pardon for being ſo free in your Houſe, as they ſayn.

Diego. There's your Wife below, has ſeiz'd upon the Butler, and ſwears ſhe will have him, ſince ſhe has loſt her 'tother Husband---

Kit. Why, let her make good her Title, and in Troth I'll ſerve Sir *Charles* in his ſtead, if his Honour pleaſes——A Butler's a ſnug Thing, as I may ſay. In troth I am heartily glad this Matter is ſettled; it is a moſt perplexing thing not to know who one is—I have been in very whimſical Circumſtances in Troth ——

Sir *Char.* Aye, and we will transform you again, if you do not keep your Promiſe to amend your Manners for the future.

Kit. I will, I do promiſe moſt faithfully.

Sir *Char.* Upon theſe Conditions my Cellar Doors ſhall be always open to you——

Kit. I humbly thank your Honour.

Sir *Char.* Stand aſide awhile and attend the Entertainment we prepared for your Lordſhip. You have a ſort of Right to govern here to day.

A Maſque.

Sir *Char.* Go, comfort thy Wife. Mend thy Life and thy Shoes. Be courteous to thy Cuſtomers, and mannerly to thy Superiors. Live ſoberly, and be a good Chriſtian. And remember you are obliged to me for bringing you to the Knowledge of your ſelf.

Kit. To be ſure I ſhall never forget your Honour's Kindneſs. I'll from this Hour leave Sir *Andrew Squib*'s Cellar, and be faithful to yours,

yours, and for the future mix Loyalty with my Liquor.

Our Squire, for Kit, *may by himſelf Rebel,*
To his mad Politicks I bid Farewel.
Henceforth I'll never Rail againſt the Crown,
Nor ſwallow Traytors Healths, in Bumpers down;
Nor ſham Pretences of Religion forge,
But with true Proteſtants cry, Live King GEORGE.

FINIS.

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4 AP 54